P.P. 9716.c.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 41. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

A Full Meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook County Advocated for Next Sunday, October 10.

The Question of Fixing a Date for the Annual Picnic to Be Carefully Considered—Hibernians Aroused Over Insult to Moore's Memory.

The meeting of the County Board on Sunday, Oct. 10, should be attended by every member. So many important matters have been laid over for discussion, which will properly come up at next meeting, that the very best judgment of the majority of the Board will be needed to arrive at proper conclusions.

Among the subjects will, no doubt, be the Sunday picnic, and while it is probable the majority may favor the holding of the event on the holy day the supporters of the laudable idea of refusing to celebrate on the day of rest need not be discouraged.

When at Brother Dougherty's suggestion the picnic was at first considered, nearly half the Board were confident it could not be a success. Those doubters have been convinced that the A. O. H. of Cook county can make a success of anything they undertake. It is largely from the ranks of these doubters that the opinion comes that the picnic cannot be a success except on Sunday. On what grounds do these pessimists base their loud but flimsy argument? Is not the Order in Cook county large enough, influential enough and popular enough to have a fixed anniversary on which to hold their yearly outing? It is pitiable to hear some prolix orator expatiating on the greatness of a society which he later says cannot make a success of a yearly picnic on a fixed date, but must continue to celebrate on Sunday. Some day it must come that the society will say we cannot and will not hold our great annual summer reunion on Sunday, and at that much desired time we will have as the foremost advocates of the week day picnic the most discursive opponents of today. The progress, the standing, the future of the Order call, nay demand, this reform.

The splendid photographs taken at the dedication of the A. O. H. monument in Mount Olivet will be at the meeting of the County Board in care of Brother M. F. Fanning. Considering the terrible heat of the day and lateness of the hour at which the picture was taken, the result is excellent. The leading members and friends of the Order are very prominent. Notably Rev. Fathers Reynolds, Ryan and Crimmins, Brothers John F. Finerty, L. Henely, Frank Conroy, M. Lynch, J. J. Lamb and J. McGeohegan. Very appropriately in the centre at the foot of the monument stands Brother Wm. J. Dougherty, in full uniform, as captain of company A of the Hibernian Knights. To Brother Dougherty is due the first suggestion of securing a mortuary lot, and to his watchful care is due the order which prevented the use of picnic funds for any but that most laudable purpose. Brother Dougherty may well be proud of his excellent work, and surrounded by his gallant comrades he holds the most prominent position in the interesting group which surrounded the tribute to his energy on Sept. 5.

The A. O. H. of McLean county mourn the loss of their excellent and efficient treasurer, whose long and active work has endeared him to all who were associated with him. May he rest in peace.

The Morgan county Hibernians will hold a reunion in the city of Jacksonville on Sunday, Oct. 17. The State officers will be present, and an open meeting in the Opera House will give those officials an opportunity of voicing their opinions of the A. O. H.

The Hibernians of Washington, D.C., are incensed because the statue of Tom Moore is not among those erected in the new Congressional Library. If we had the good sense to note the necessity of having more of our people in congress, there would be no reason to find fault with the action of the committee in charge, it would not have dared to ignore the Irish Bard. How many Hibernians grace the halls of congress as representatives of our people? You can count the number on the fingers of one hand. I beg pardon of the gentlemen of Irish nomenclature who are at present holding down some of the cushioned seats in the house of representatives, if, through chance, the foregoing should reach their eyes and hurt their feelings. I suppose we must get ready next year to shout "He is an Irishman by descent," "He is a friend of our people," "He is our great defender and is always ready to look the stable when the horse is stolen," "He is our noblest advocate just before election." Twenty members of the A. O. H. in congress would make a peculiar impression on our unattached champions.

MOR.

Lake View Irish-American Club.

The second public entertainment of the above named club was given at Belmont hall, Wednesday night. A large and appreciative audience, which filled the chairs and stood in the aisles, were entertained until a late hour. Want of space prevents an extended mention of the excellent programme. Mr. J. P. Heavey received a deserved recall after rendering a solo in fine form. The Peters Brothers did an excellent specialty. The hit of the evening was made by Miss Mae Healey, who responded to the call of the audience with "The Last Rose of Summer," sung in a manner that would have delighted the heart of the great poet, Moore himself. Miss Healy's voice has compass, power and sweetness, and has been developed by assiduous and correct training.

The Club will present at its next entertainment, "Kathleen Mavourneen," at Lincoln Turner hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 17.

S. J. F.

OBITUARY.

MRS. M. V. GANNON.

The premature death of Mrs. M. V. Gannon, which it was our sad office to announce last week, has brought heartfelt sorrow not alone to her distinguished husband and the immediate family, but also to thousands of relatives and friends in this and other cities. Mrs. Gannon was a noble type of woman, pious, practical and intellectual, in short—

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.

Her sudden summons from earthly existence has left a void in her domestic and social circles impossible to fill; and she has gone to the grave followed by the sincere regret of all who knew her and appreciated her fine virtues. Her maiden name was Miss Mary Johnson, and she was born in Kilbeggan, County Westmeath, Ireland, 37 years ago. She came to America with her father and mother, and other members of her family, in October, 1866. Mr. Gannon himself was of the party, his future wife being then but six years old. Mr. Michael Johnson, father of the subject of this sketch, was an able and accomplished gentleman. He resolved to seek a home in Illinois, and soon succeeded in obtaining employment, as a bookkeeper, from a leading coal firm at Minersville, Henry county, Ill. Afterward, he obtained a still better position with the P. L. Cable Co., Coal Valley, Ill. His last employment was at Cable, in this state, where he died in August, 1884. Miss Johnson became a student at the Franciscan convent, Joliet, after she had mastered the rudimentary part of education, and then taught school at Cable for twelve years and for four years at Omaha, Neb. She was very efficient in her work and had the high respect of the educators of Illinois and Nebraska. On Aug. 31, 1893, she was married to the Hon. M. V. Gannon by the Rev. Father Mackin of Rock Island, Ill., and immediately came to Chicago with her husband. Two children were born of the union, M. V. Gannon, Jr., aged three years and a baby girl, Rose Mary, little more than a month old. This makes the bereavement more than ordinarily distressing and pathetic. Mrs. Gannon was taken ill on Aug. 28, and died very unexpectedly on Sept. 27. When Mr. Gannon left home for his law office in the morning she appeared bright and on the high road to recovery. A telephone message summoned him home, but before he could reach the bedside of his beloved wife, she was no more.

The funeral occurred Sept. 29 from the family residence on Monroe avenue to the church of the Holy Cross, where high mass of requiem was offered up by Rev. Father Hishen and his assistant priests. The reverend pastor also preached the funeral sermon, in which he did ample justice to the Christian graces and virtues that had ennobled the lamented deceased during her too brief earthly life. At the conclusion of the religious services, the honored remains were escorted to the Rock Island depot by a large concourse of mourners, many of whom accompanied the afflicted husband and family to Davenport, Iowa, where all that was mortal of the good wife and mother was laid to rest in St. Margaret's cemetery, Rev. Father Mackin officiating at the grave. Requiescat in pace.

FUNERAL OF MR. JAMES LANE.

After the requiem high mass had been said over the remains of Mr. James Lane Saturday morning of last week at St. Vincent's church, Webster and Sheffield avenues, he was buried in Calvary cemetery, attended by many of his old friends, including representatives of the organizations in which he held membership. Short services preceding the requiem mass were held at the home of his son-in-law, Lieut. Louis Haas, 531 Garfield avenue. At the church the mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Frank Walsh, Rev. Fathers Edward Hopkins and John Schelereth assisting. The visiting priests were Rev. Fathers J. H. Crow, of the church of the Immaculate Conception, H. McGuire of St. James' church, Dominick Egan of St. Stephen's church, and P. O. Dwyer of the church of the Sacred Heart of Joliet. The pallbearers were Redmond Prindiville, W. J. Onahan, William Vocke, John Prindiville, William Weadley and Thomas Brenan. The old settlers' committee of the Chicago Turngemeinde sent a wreath of roses, carnations, smilax and maiden hair fern.

FUNERAL OF MR. PETER M'GURN.

Requiem high mass was said Saturday morning of last week at St. Bernard's church over the remains of Mr. Peter McGurn, one of Englewood's best known residents. Father Bernard P. Murray was the celebrant, assisted by Fathers Dennison and Aylard, as deacon and subdeacon. After the services at the church at Stewart avenue and Sixty-sixth street, the remains were taken to Mount Olivet. Mr. McGurn was 60 years of age, and was born in Lockport, N. Y. Twenty-seven years ago he removed to Englewood, where he entered the flour business, which vocation he followed until he was compelled by illness to retire two years ago. He was a prominent operator on the Board of Trade, and at one time was a member of the school board of district No. 2.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF MR. JAMES KILLELEA.

(*The Journal of Labor.*)

Mr. James Killelea was born in Headford, County Galway, Ireland, in 1847. His people left for America and settled in LaSalle county, Illinois. In 1865 Mr. Killelea came to Nashville, Tenn., where he still resides. In 1866 he took an active part in the Fenian movement as a member of the Nashville circle, and when the Irish National League of America was organized he was one of the first members to join the Parnell branch, subsequently becoming its presiding officer.

Through his activity the branch raised in 1885 and 1886 the handsome sum of $2,000 for the Irish cause. The branch is still in existence, with Mr. Killelea as president, but since the split in the parliamentary party it has remained inactive. No Irishman in America has worked harder and devoted his energy, influence and ability to the promotion of Irish unity than the subject of this sketch. He was a staunch supporter of Mr. Parnell, but, if possible, a stauncher supporter of Irish national unity, and in several letters to the Irish papers in Ireland urged the leaders to reunite and cease their wrangling.

Mr. Killelea has been president for fifteen years of an excellent and useful organization in Nashville called the Hibernian Benevolent Society, which was instituted in 1869. He has severed his connection with, and refused his support to, the parliamentary party on account of the dissensions existing among its leaders and is now associated with the new movement organization called the Irish National Alliance, whose convention he attended as a delegate from the Hibernian Benevolent Society of Nashville, which was held in Chicago in September, 1895.

Mr. Killelea is an unassuming Irish Nationalist who has the confidence and respect of his countrymen.

From the Irish-American Centennial Association of Tennessee, which had its grand celebration on the 21st ult., is due credit to Mr. Killelea as the promoter of that movement, as will be shown by the following correspondence from the Commissioner-General of the Centennial management:

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 9, 1897.—J. Killelea, Esq.—Dear Sir:—Among the many special days set aside during the Centennial Exposition we must have "Ireland Day," and it strikes me as particularly proper that this suggestion should come from you. In all like matters the Centennial management prefers that some individual suggest a day, and I want it to appear that you suggested "Ireland Day." Will you kindly take it up and write to your friends and see if we cannot get a grand gathering? I wish you would consider this matter at once and let me hear from you.

Yours truly,
A. W. WILLIS,
Commissioner General.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 28, 1897.—James Killelea, Esq., City.—Dear Sir:—Please keep me advised of progress made in the matter of Ireland's Day at the Centennial, and let me know what day you would like to have set apart for the celebration.

Yours truly,
A. W. WILLIS,
Commissioner General.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 28, 1897.—James Killelea, Esq., City.—Dear Sir:—Have you made any progress in the matter of "Irish Day" to be celebrated at the Centennial? It seems to me that this could be made one of the grandest occasions of the period, and I wish you would call together a few of your friends and ascertain what can be done and let me know

Yours truly,
A. W. WILLIS,
Commissioner General.

NASHVILLE, June 14, 1897—Mr. James Killelea.—Dear Sir:—Your last kind letter was duly received. Am glad to know that you are talking the matter of an Irish Day among your good people. I would like very much to have you lead this movement, because it would not require very much of your time, and you could select your aids and others to co-operate and direct their movements in order to have Irish Day a great success. I hope that you will get twenty or thirty of our best citizens to sign their names to a general call meeting and have the matter decided at a very early date.

Very truly yours,
A. W. WILLIS,
Commissioner General.

NASHVILLE, Sept. 18, 1897.—James Killelea, Esq., City.—My Dear Sir:—I am very grateful for your kind favor of yesterday, and can assure you that in this or any other matter looking to Nashville's progress and prosperity I will cheerfully aid you. I earnestly hope that your prediction, from 50,000 to 60,000 people at the Centennial grounds on Irish-American Day, will be fully realized. With best wishes, I am,

Yours truly,
A. W. WILLIS,
Commissioner General.

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Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

REV. DR. PEPPER'S SPEECH.

Delivered at the Centennial Exposition Auditorium at Nashville, Tenn., on Irish Day—An Eloquent Arraignment of British Rule in Ireland.

Many Reasons Given Why the Sympathies of the American People Should be, and Are, With Ireland in Her Struggle to be Free.

Following is a synopsis of the eloquent and patriotic speech delivered by the Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper, of Ohio, at the Nashville Auditorium in the Centennial Exposition grounds, on Irish Day, Sept. 21, which was unavoidably held over last week:

Rev. Dr. Pepper's subject was "Ireland's Liberty Springs from Her Martyrs' Blood." He began his address by a brief sketch of Ireland and the Irish people. He dwelt upon Ireland's scenery, antiquities and her oppression by an alien power. He ridiculed the "Scotch-Irish" shibboleth so frequently heard nowadays, and showed how, in the north of Ireland, a large number of Protestant ministers had gone to the scaffold and laid down their lives for Irish freedom. He then continued substantially as follows:

What are the grievances of Ireland? We will not travel back to the remote past for causes of Irish discontent. The Irish arraign the English government for the destruction of millions of the population. Since the Great Redeemer died on Calvary there has been no such desolation within the period of forty years. The mighty ruthless warriors, Cæsar, Mohammed, Timur and Napoleon, fought no such battles to win the empire of the world as it has cost England to misgovern Ireland. I remember when the population was 8,000,000; now it is only 4,000,000. The black flag of famine floating over Ireland in the terrible years of 1846-47 was but a symbol of the remorseless government of Ireland by Britain. The Irish arraign the British government with the revolting and barbarous treatment of political prisoners. The world has been horrified at the cruelties practiced upon such men as Gallagher, Whitehead and scores of others.

Americans were shocked when they heard of the annihilation of the brave Gen. Custer and his 300 soldiers; but there was something honorable attending the circumstances in which the savage Indians dispatched their victims, because they met them as open and avowed enemies. Not so the British thugs treated their unfortunate Irish-American prisoners. Who can read of the studied torture of those gallant men, who can behold them, now raving mad men in the asylum of New York, without feeling his blood seething with indignation? (Applause.) The Irish people arraign England for the destruction of their manufactures. At the time of the union between the two countries, out of a population of 6,000,000 there were 1,450,000 engaged in manufactures, or one out of every five of the population; in 1810 there were only 30,000. This change was the result of the abolishment of the protective duties established by the Irish parliament. Protection, at the time it was abolished in Ireland, was established in England, and the Irish people, beaten out of their industries, were compelled to fall back upon the land. The Irish, although they rely upon the power, the never-failing power, of truth to dissolve the union, yet are no cowards: they are ready to lay down their lives for their country's independence. Though the blood in the heart of Ireland was low and the sinews in her arm shrunken, yet if she had a fair chance she would spring at the throat of her ancient foe. (Great applause.)

Let England be engaged in war, the sabres of Irish soldiers will shine along the ramparts of Limerick, and the nations will hear the ringing of 100,000 muskets beyond the banks of the Boyne! (Applause.) The Irishman passionately desires war; there are fiery spirits tossing in their beds at night impatient for the sound of the first gun. War between England and some other nation is inevitable. Let it come in the red blaze that spreads from the first flash of powder the future opens to my view. Amid the tumult of the gladiators I hear the breaking of the chains that have galled the Irish slaves. Above the hot dust of the arena where the fight goes on I see the spirit of liberty ascending, the clouds opening and the crown of victory replacing that of martyrdom upon the head of the emancipated and expanding spirit. Let it come! (Cheers.) Peace is only profitable to tyrants! Peace in Ireland is productive of famines! Peace depopulates the land! War of the oppressed against the oppressor is the resurrection of the dead! War is the redemption of the people! War is independence! War is freedom! War is prosperity! (Applause.)

The religious objection was the last resort of the enemies of Ireland. This is urged in spite of the fact that trial by jury, Magna Charta and various statutes enacted against the despotism of the monarch were the result of the wisdom and the love of freedom cherished by the English Roman Catholics hundreds of years ago; in spite of the fact that the hallowed names of Scotland, Bruce and Wallace are enrolled in the sweet spices of Catholic Rome; in spite of the fact that the persecution which deluged Scotland with blood was the work of the Church of England, and not of Rome, and that by the Covenant its subscribers were bound to extirpate Prelacy; in spite of the fact that when a body of Highlanders were brought to Glasgow to force the liturgy and prelacy on the Scotch, these Presbyterians emigrated to Ireland, were received with open arms and warm hearts by the Irish Catholics; in spite of the fact that the German ancestors of Embury, the founder of American Methodism, found a home and a shelter among the Catholics of Limerick; in spite of the fact that Irish Catholics, in an address drawn up by Daniel O'Connell years before they were emancipated, petitioned parliament to remove the penal laws against the Dissenters of England, and after the removal of these odious statutes the Unitarians of England, by public resolution, publicly thanked O'Connell and the Catholics of Ireland; in spite of these noted historical facts, the enemies of Ireland's freedom now come forth and raise the howl of intolerance and try to paralyze every effort to raise the moral and intellectual character of Ireland, and to give peace and freedom to her long-oppressed and afflicted people. (Applause.)

Let it be remembered that the English that first invaded Ireland were Catholics, and they plundered in the name of the Pope, as they do now in the sacred name of Protestantism. Roman Catholic or Protestant be the English government, Ireland is still the prey and the people the slave of the government. Let it be remembered that, while the English Catholic aristocracy opposed home rule, the English dissenting churches took their stand by Gladstone: that 3,000 clergymen thanked him for his Irish policy; that two-thirds of all the Wesleyans and twenty-three of the Methodist members of parliament voted for home rule. What is it to me from what side of the Boyne a man looks at the question of Ireland? I am a Protestant; my father was master of an Orange lodge; my uncles on both sides belonged to the United Irishmen. I am a Methodist of the Methodists; I am not ashamed of it, but, between my fellow-man and his Maker, why should I interfere? (Great applause.)

Universal nature preaches that the sun shines for all; that the rain falls for all; that the streams flow for all; that the flowers bloom for all, and that the mercy of God is for all. Shall we, then, set up barriers between man and man which the breath of mercy is omnipotent to blow away? The great Methodist General Conference which recently convened in Cleveland, Ohio, did not think there was danger to American liberty from Irishmen when they placed among the decorations of their splendid temple the Irish flag, the immortal green, side by side with the banners of other nationalities. (Applause.)

Courage, old land! for already the earth heaves with the throes of a new nationality, and the magi of the nations shall again worship at the cradle of republican freedom. Courage, old land! for soon the world, grown weary with the atrocities that have rent thy green bosom, shall speak out in trumpet tones and demand thy emancipation. Courage, old land! for Poland, baptized at the same font, sees in the future the splendid dawning of the day when she will resume her ancient sovereignty. Courage, old land! for the noble democracy of England—a democracy, though it seeks no power, is England's appointed ruler—that democracy, holding the destinies of the empire in its rough but honest hand, recognizes the sanctity, the validity and the antiquity of thy claims!

Oh, think of the time when the wrongs of centuries will be redressed, when the crown of thorns will blossom into a crown of flowers! Oh, think of the time when famines and pestilences shall no more desolate the land! Oh, think of the time, if other opportunities fail, when Irishmen shall draw the shining blade without offending an angelic nation; that such an opportunity must arise if peaceful efforts fail, for the Almighty cannot delight in the continued cowardice of slaves! Oh, Ireland, since I cannot stand upon your ramparts and lift your drooping flag, I can offer a prayer as fervent as any that ever passed from my heart to the Eternal Throne that your wrongs may be redressed and your freedom secured! We should learn a lesson from the triumph of the American Revolutionists, who, by standing shoulder to shoulder on the glorious fields of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, won the independence of this great nation. Ireland's great need is a union of its people. If I could stand upon the summits of her hills and send my voice out to her children, it should stand out clear and strong in this one word, "Unite." Let the notes of Erin's harp bear to her sons in every land those sweet tones of harmony that shall blend all hearts in one enthusiastic purpose. Goldwin Smith, in a letter to the London Times, has asserted that Americans are against Ireland. I boldly affirm that all our great men, in church and state, of the present and past, no matter to what party or what church they belong, are with the Irish in this holy cause. Is not William McKinley, President-elect, an American? Hear him:

"Get for Ireland what you can today; tomorrow get what she ought to have. The United States was always on the side of liberty, and the Irish people are always on the side of the United States."

Hear that eloquent champion of the Methodist church, Bishop Simpson: "I thank you for your address on Ireland. God hasten the time when the oppression in Ireland and the world over will cease."

Listen to Bishop Hurst, of the University at Washington: "I believe there is no danger to Protestantism in the adoption of Home Rule for Ireland. On the contrary, I believe Home Rule essential to the independence and prosperity of Protestantism in Ireland."

Hear Charles Sumner, the pride and glory of the American Senate a few years ago, in a letter I received from him: "Justice to Ireland is a British necessity. In every effort for Irish independence there is but one side for my sympathy."

The remorseless Briton has wrought a cruel devastation. Not Egypt, when darkness came upon the land; not the city of the Holy Temple, when the Roman crossed her walls; not Venice, when the plague struck her; not the gardens of the Lombard, when the steeds of the Scythian trampled through them—in none of these did scenes so terrible meet the eye as we have seen in Ireland! She appeals to us by her immortal struggles and defeats. All of you with American or Irish blood in your veins, who love this magnificent land with the matured patriotism of age, or with the gallant, glowing enthusiasm of youth; all of you who have carried the Stars and Stripes like a charmed robe throughout the lightnings and tempests of civil war—hear me for my cause. In the name of that beautiful isle; in the name of her exasperating wrongs; in the name of our beloved Union, against which England was hostile; in the name of our fathers who left us an inheritance, the achievement of our independence, let us be true to Ireland and try to smooth her suffering heroes, and, like Abercrombie in the sands of Egypt, press to their quivering lips the cup of sympathy, or over the patriotic coffin, like the poet over the grave of Marcellus, strew the purple flowers. (Prolonged applause).

Deer-Mice As Pets.

In the October St. Nicholas, G. Rafael O'Reilly tells of a couple of queer pets that he caught in the woods. The writer says:

While rambling one evening in the woods, I sat down on a rock close by a shaded bank all overgrown with soft green moss and feathery ferns. Not far away there was an ancient tree-stump, with a hole running in underneath it; and what should I see peeping out from the hole, but the head of a little reddish-brown animal. At first sight I took it to be a chipmunk. Its large black eyes seemed full of apprehension, and as I moved it drew back out of sight.

On rolling over the stump, I discovered beneath it some withered grass carefully rolled into a globular nest. Cautiously drawing my handkerchief around this, I tied it up, with whatever it contained, and hurried homeward with my treasure. On emptying the handkerchief into a box covered with wire gauze, I found that I had captured two beautifully delicate and elegant creatures, somewhat larger than mice. Their fur was thick and soft, a rich velvet of reddish-brown on the back, and snowy white beneath. Their feet also were white. But their chief beauty lay in their eyes—great, black, liquid orbs half protruding from the head. No gazelle ever had eyes half so lovely.

They soon became quite tame, and without showing any fear would allow me to put my hand into their cage to give them fruits and berries. They carried their nest into a corner of the cage and reconstructed it there.

After about two weeks I procured a large cocoanut, sawed it in two, and taking one-half of it, made in it a little doorway. When I put this into their cage, turned mouth down, they seemed to go wild with the excitement of delight. In and out they ran through the little doorway a hundred times in succession. Sometimes they would jump up on top of the cocoanut and survey it all over; and then, after "washing their faces" with their delicate white paws, jump down, and again run inside. Soon they made up their minds to take possession of it as their home. Their nest in the corner they pulled to pieces, and carried it off mouthful by mouthful into the little cocoanut hut. There they have lived ever since.

During the daytime they sleep; but when evening comes on they busy themselves running and jumping about the cage; and they have never once in three years tried to gnaw their way out.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

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JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Paris Doll."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Man from Mexico."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Good Mr. Best."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"London Assurance."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

NO CLUB RATES FOR "THE CITIZEN."

In reply to several questions, written and oral, THE CHICAGO CITIZEN desires to state that it will give no "club rates" to subscribers, no matter how many of them may agree to take the paper "in bulk," for the following reasons: 1—The paper is now published at the lowest possible price that we can afford to furnish it at, and if it isn't worth two dollars a year it isn't worth a cent. 2—It is hopeless to try to make the average subscriber understand why he should pay more for the paper than "the other fellow" who belongs to a club, and "the wit of man" cannot satisfy him that we are not going to commit highway robbery upon him—all for the mighty sum of two dollars a year! The brevity of existence must plead our excuse for declining to enter on this kind of missionary work. 3—Some of our subscribers are afflicted with a disease called "hair-splitting" and a dollar—yea even a quarter of a dollar—seems larger to them than the red disk of the declining sun setting in a damp and smoky atmosphere. 4—The mischief-maker always makes a handle of "club rates" to spread dissatisfaction among the general body of subscribers, and the average mischief-maker is a tireless, unscrupulous and malignant gossip and backbiter. 5—We wish to live at peace with all our subscribers, and, accordingly, will have nothing to do with "club rates." Therefore, THE CHICAGO CITIZEN will continue to be be sold to all subscribers at the rate of two dollars per year, payable strictly in advance.

THE BRITISH FELON USING LOADED DICE IN INDIA.

Frank Hugh O'Donnell, in United Ireland, takes a gloomy view of the "Tribesmen's" campaign in Northern India, notwithstanding their recent successes. Mr. O'Donnell is, by nature, a pessimist, but he has had vast experience, and seems to be well "up" on most public subjects. Toward America, for some reason best known to himself, perhaps, he is consistently ill-natured and persists in "pooh-poohing" our army and fleet at every opportunity. No John Bull writer can out-distance him in this respect, but, nathless his ill nature, he says many true things about us as well as others. In regard to the present Brito-Afridi war on the Afghan border, he has this to say in United Ireland:

"Like a mighty serpent, fold on fold, the huge army of the Englishman in India continues to roll its sinuous length, engulfing and crushing one revolted section of the insurgent mountaineers after another. The precious moments when the swift onrush of the United Tribes might have spread dismay from Peshawur to Calcutta have long since passed without utility, and now one after another, the Swatis, the Mohmands, the Bonerwals, the Orukzais, the Eusefzais, the Afridis are being attacked and anuihilated in detail. The crops are being rooted up by Punitive Columns. The homes are being given to the flames. Even the fruit trees are being mercilessly hewed down. Like under Carew and Mountjoy in Ireland, the Indian hillmen are being taught that women and children must perish as remorselessly as combatant warriors in order to spread the peace of England, the peace that is desolation. A new bullet, soft-nosed and hollow-based so as to spread to hideous size on striking a human body, and thus make a ghastly wound like a minature bomb, has been expressly manufactured for use against the mountaineers. The use of explosive bullets is forbidden in European warfare, but the Englishman call this an expanding bullet, and India is not Europe. And one by one the insurget tribes are being eaten up and destroyed till they beg for mercy at the price of abject submission and wholesale disarmament. The Afridis are reserved for the final tit-bit of the monster, and then all will be peace upon the frontier!"

ALLEGED DEFECTS OF IRISH HISTORIES.

A Gaelic writer in the Dublin Weekly Freeman, of recent date, seems to be rather severe on Irish historians of the past. In dealing with the subject of "The Influence of Language on Nationality," the Freeman's savant says:

"Our knowledge of the customs, manners and religion of our forefathers is very limited. Suppose that an Englishman were to say to an ordinary, fairly well educated countryman of ours, 'The Irishmen of the past were barbarous, filthy and cruel, for so Gerald Barry says;' and suppose that this Irishman really admired his ancestors (and indeed this is true of Irishmen), is it not right that he should be able to show that the statement of the other was false? Nevertheless he is scarcely able to do this? Again, many Protestants say they have the faith preached by St. Patrick, while Catholics reply that Patrick utters the words of the Book of Armagh—'Ul Christiani, ita et Romani sitis'—(As you are Christians be you Romans.') We shall not presently say which of them is right, but what we shall say is this: There are a great many on both sides who know very little about the point at issue, and who are unable to defend their views because they have never read the books that treat of those times.

"Similarly we know little or nothing of the churches that were founded by Patrick and his successors in holiness; we know little of the monasteries and schools in which our learned and holy monks taught not merely the youth of their own land but also the youth of the Saxon and those of other nations, and which were the means of winning for our country the proud title of 'Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum.' We know little of the places that are referred to in those stories that our people were accustomed to spin out beside the fire, but which now, alas! are sinking into oblivion. And, surely, there is no one of us who would like to be thus ignorant. Then it is but natural that we should be without a good history of Ireland. There are, it is true, many histories of Ireland, but it is generally held that they are not up to the mark. The reason is not to be found in the want of genius in our historians, but consists in this—that these gentlemen have not studied the books that treat of the time about which they wrote, so that some of them are scarcely worthy of the name of historians. No wonder, then, that our youth have such a disgust for the study of our country's history. Finally, Macaulay was within his rights in sneering at the works produced by Irishmen, for in his time it was not many of our works that had any kind of an extensive circulation, and those of them that had were not among our best."

Whosoever has read the rather obscene work of Giraldus Cambrensis, otherwise Gerald Barry—a Norman priest of thwarted ambition and a man rendered ridiculously credulous by his anti-Irish prejudices—will dismiss his general indictment of the Irish people of the Twelfth century with contempt. This was the person who visited Donat, the venerable Archbishop of Cashel, and reproached him with the alleged fact that Ireland had, up to that time (1173) furnished no martyrs to the church, and that the Irish were a rude and barbarous people, who needed the coming of the Anglo-Normans to civilize them. The Archbishop heard him to the finish and then quietly replied, in substance: "Now that we have fallen into the hands of a people who do not spare even God' saints (alluding to the murder of St. Thomas a Becket by Henry II.) we will, no doubt, have plenty of martyrs in the future. (How wondrously prophetic!) The Irish may be rude and uncivilized, and all that, but, at least, they have not yet steeped their hands in the blood of the ministers of religion!" This able and dignified reply silenced Giraldus, and he so acknowledges in his indecent book on the alleged "Conquest" of Ireland. The polity of the Irish people of the middle and dark ages is best revealed by the text of the Brehon laws, which re marvels of wisdom and justice. As to the matter of filth, nearly all the ancient peoples were more or less careless of their persons, except the patrician classes among the Greeks and Romans, who could enjoy the luxury of frequent baths.

Macaulay, in his History of England, depicts the Highland Scots as anything but clean in their habits, and "Percy's Reliques" shows plainly that the English of the reign of Edward IV. had "creepers within their gay hose," and were troubled occasionally with the "scabado," alias "the seven years' itch." See "The Miller of Tamworth," and be charmed with the choice and beautiful language used by the typical John Bull of that period at the court and in the presence of his sovereign. The great trouble with some Irish writers is that they are inclined to load the general imperfections of character, habits and customs, common to all mankind, on their own people, while others flatter their race in a manner that is at once digusting and demoralizing. As a matter of fact, the majority of the Irish people are among the best human beings on the earth, and a minority of them—a comparatively small minority—are among the worst. These latter are the treacherous, the envious, the malignant, the dishonest and the begrudging—in short, the mischief makers of the race, who have been the allies of English power, at home and abroad, since the landing of Henry II. on Irish soil. This miserable minority has furnished the traitors, the traducers, the informers, the mercenaries and the cutthroats. All nations have had them, as well as Ireland, but circumstances have made them more fatal to her than to others.

Savants are, too often, men of a single idea, and everything that conflicts with that one idea is apt to make them sour and even unjust. The Freeman writer cannot have read McGeoghegan fully. There may be somewhat too much of historical mysticism and clannish sectarianism in his history, but, taken for all in all, it is a treasure to the student, and has done great service for Ireland and the Irish. Mitchel's continuation, although by no means his masterpiece, is a good, clear and comprehensive account of men and things in modern Ireland. McGee's, although occasionally lacking in exactness of detail, is an admirable work, and so also is Martin Haverty's. "The Story of Ireland," by the late A. M. Sullivan, of Dublin, is rather juvenile in tone, but contains much valuable information, presented in pleasant form. There are other histories of Ireland, too, which have their merits. The chief defect of all, in the eyes of Gaelic savants, is that they are printed in the English tongue. We do not blame the Gaelic savants for this prejudice. It is a healthy national sign; but, at the same time, seeing we have no comprehensive Irish history in Gaelic—unless the annals of the Four Masters—and that most of us, unfortunately, cannot read our fathers' language, we must even make the best of what we possess in "the tongue of the stranger."

TOM MOORE'S GENIUS SLIGHTED.

It was a piece of gross discourtesy and injustice on the part of the committee of award in the Congressional library to omit the name of Thomas Moore, the national poet of Ireland, from the list of bards to be honored. Assistant Librarian Spafford, who was librarian when the award was made, and who has since been reduced "for cause," was interviewed on the subject by an associated press correspondent on Monday and said:

"The poets' corridor in the new library contains the names of twelve poets of renown, six of American, three of English, two of French and one of German. Moore's name was submitted as one of the English bards to be honored, but it was decided by the committee of award that Moore's merits as a poet were not so great as to entitle him to this marked distinction. He held high rank as a melodist, but did not possess the poetic fire to such lofty degree as did Byron, or Shelley or Browning, who represent England's poetic fame on the library memorial tablets. Cowper and others equally distinguished were rejected with Moore, and no consideration weighed with the commission except a desire to do equal justice to the fame of the poets."

Mr. Spafford must be very ignorant of the high esteem in which Byron held Moore, both as a poet and a man, when he says he was deficient in the "poetic fire" which characterized his English friend. Byron called Moore "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own," and the author of "Childe Harold" was certainly a better judge of the merits of Moore than Mr. Spafford, or the committee of award, as a whole. Moore was not an "English" but an Irish poet, who composed in the English language, and his "Fire Worshipers" is equal, if not superior, to any work done by Byron, Shelley or Browning—all of whom were, beyond question, great poets. Moore's fame does not rest exclusively on his "Irish Melodies," although they are destined to immortality. There are 20,000,000, or more, American-Irish people who will resent the slight to their race involved in the exclusion of Moore from the tablets of honor in the Congressional library, and they can make themselves felt in Congress if it should become necessary. Meanwhile the Washington divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians have taken action in the matter, and we have no doubt that, by proper agitation, the injustice will be undone in good time. To say that Thomas Moore was not a great poet is about as absurd as to assert that Demosthenes was not a great orator. We hope there is no race bigotry mixed up with the affair, but we are compelled to say it has that appearance.

DEATH OF GEN. DONOVAN OF THE ARGENTINE ARMY.

We regret to see announced by the Southern Cross, published at Buenos Ayres, the death of Gen. Antonio Donovan, of the Argentine army, after a brief illness. Although a distinguished veteran, he was still in the prime of his years, when he obeyed the last roll call, and, although born in South America, he was a devoted friend of the island of his sires. The Argentine Republic is plunged into grief by his premature taking off, and the highest civic and military honors characterized his obsequies. Gen. Donovan's father and mother were born and reared in Cork, Ireland. The former was a surgeon and went to Argentina in that capacity. The son, Antonio, entered the army as "soldado distinguido" at an early age. "He was a soldier by nature and by race," says the Southern Cross, "and took to his calling with the zeal of one to whom the bugle is the heavenliest music of the universe. He went through the Entre Rios and Paraguayan campaigns and took part in all the principal battles. He helped to push the national frontiers toward the South, and was one of the leading men in the army which won in 1880. The following is the order of his enlistment and promotions. He entered the army on the 4th of July, 1864, was promoted to the rank of ensign on the 4th of October in the same year. He rose to sub-lieutenant on the 8th of October, 1866. He was second lieutenant in 1867, captain in 1868. Major on the 9th of October, 1873, lieutenant-colonel in 1880, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general on the 5th of August, 1889.

"Gen. Donovan was governor of the Chaco for some years, and during his term of office did much for that territory. He was also a prominent figure in national politics of late years. He was a staunch Roquista, and was until lately president of the committee of the National party in the capita.. He was not only a party man of Gen. Roca's, but also a close personal friend, comrade in arms, united by many ties and the remembrance of many dangers braved and battles won together. He was no carpet soldier this Irish-Argentine general, but one that had seen war in its deadliest form for years, and that had won his promotion by sheer bravery in the face of death. He was a lion-hearted fighter, and could bring his men into action with the unfailing confidence of every file and every heart that the tawny-haired officer who rode at their head was fit to handle them as few could have done.

"And yet in private life there was no more unassuming gentleman, and whether in his official or private capacity, he was always ready to do any favor that lay in his power. He was the very soul of good nature, and this, allied to the frank and manly courtesy of his bearing, won him the sympathy of everyone who had the pleasure of meeting him in official or social circles. Within the bounds of the Republic there was no more patriotic Argentine; yet he always spoke with pride of his Irish parentage and of the Irish blood that flowed in his veins. At our Irish banquets he was always in requisition, and was one of the merriest when the tables were drawn and song and story going around. He was connected by marriage and relationship with some of the most distinguished Argentine families, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to bring his Irish and Argentine friends together. The child of Catholic parents and the beloved son of a virtuous as well as a gentle mother, he always stood up for the faith of his fathers, and carried it in his heart and to his grave."

THE "HOLY NINETEENTH."

If you see, good reader, a man striding down a principal thoroughfare of this city, with head erect and haughtiness in his bearing, don't mistake him for a Russian prince or an Irish lord, who seems to own the earth. He is only a citizen of Chicago's Nineteenth ward, justly elated at the praise bestowed upon his bailiwick by the Rev. W. B. Leach, retiring pastor of St. Paul's Methodist-Episcopal church, from his pulpit last Sunday morning. "The bloody Nineteenth is all right," remarked Mr. Leach, with pious emphasis.

"They say no good thing can live or come out of the bloody Nineteenth. I stand here and affirm in the presence of Almighty God that the percentage of wickedness has been less here than in any place I ever lived in Chicago. Democratic? Yes; but not necessarily wicked. Poor? Yes; many of us, but honest.

"Aldermen? Yes; but as good to look after our interests as any in the city. Look at the number of our people in public office. Powers does do his best for his ward. Made up of foreigners, we point with pride to our record. We are here to say we compare favorably with any ward in Chicago. In my four years here I feel that my children have not been contaminated, but are pure and good. The locality makes us not; we make it.

"I have seen little of hell, but much of heaven here. Christian courtesy from all alike has been our lot. We are of God's great city a part, but not the worst. We ask no sympathy, but rather give to those whose lot is not as ours. We confidently say heaven is as near the old Nineteenth as any ward in Chicago."

It is understood that Ald. Powers, Chris Mamer, P. W. Crowe and other distinguished citizens of the Nineteenth will invite Mr. Leach to run for alderman at the first opportunity. Then, indeed, if his reverence should be elected, heaven will be near unto the city council and municipal sinfulness will stand rebuked. It is no longer the "bloody" but the "holy" Nineteenth.

HOW THE ENGLISH DESTROYED THE GALWAY STEAMSHIP LINE.

The Hibernian Record, published at New Haven, Conn., referring to the recent death of John Orrell Lever, who attempted to establish a steamship line between Galway, Ireland, and the United States, quotes as follows from the Dublin Nation of June 5, 1858:

"Direct mail steamer communication between Ireland and America, long the object of effort, is, at length, it would seem, about to become a reality. As often as it was attempted, the powerful resources of opposing private interests in England proved fatal to an enterprise which threatened such a blow at Liverpool, 'and the logic that proved' Liverpool nearer to the Western continent than Bearhaven, Valencia, Limerick, Galway or Cork was permitted to sacrifice the interests of Ireland and the evidence of facts. One successful voyage from shore to shore was all that was, at any time, required to establish a line of communication which would make Ireland the road of Europe to America. But that one voyage was precisely what Liverpool packet-owners were resolved to prevent, though it should cost them thousands of pounds. Our feelings, even now, are by no means assured that the present case will not show how high a price will be paid for keeping the Indian Empire at home, or setting a screw loose in her machinery before she loses sight of the Arran Isles."

It would seem that the apprehensions of the Nation were only too well founded. As usual, England, or rather the merchants of her seaports who truly represent her spirit of greed, found means to baffle the attempt to build up the commercial prosperity of Ireland. The experiment was doomed to failure, by artificial means, from the first. The English merchants found their proper tools in corrupt and treacherous navigators. On Thursday, June 23, 1858, we are informed by the Nation, a bench of magistrates sat in the town of Galway to investigate the charge made against Pilots Burbage and Wallace, of having wilfully run the steamship Indian Empire on a rock! Capt. Courtney testified that on arriving in Galway Bay he was met by the prisoners, who were in a boat. He took them on board. The officer of the deck told them the course he was steering and they said it was right. They altered the course. According to the admiralty chart they were going wrong. The captain, when nearing the light, asked the men if it would not be better to reduce speed, as the ship was large and she was going fast, but they told him there was plenty of time. As the pilots failed to order speed reduced, the captain took it upon himself to give the order. One of the pilots told the captain to keep a sharp lookout on the starboard bow, but upon receiving their instructions the captain looked over the port bow and saw the buoy, which told him the ship was in danger. He immediately ordered the engines reversed, but the ship struck before her speed could be checked. Fortunately the damage was not great. The pilots were held without bail for trial, but through British influence the only punishment they received was the revoking of their pilots' licenses.

The Indian Empire sailed from Galway June 22, 1858. She touched at Halifax on July 1, and on the 2d proceeded to New York, where her arrival was hailed with delight by patriotic Irish-Americans. Subsequently the company built four of the largest steamers then afloat, and named them after the four provinces of Ireland. The dastardly efforts to ruin the company were kept up by English rivals, and they finally succeeded. Mr. Lever lost above $500,000 in the patriotic enterprise. In 1859 Mr. Lever was elected to parliament from the Borough of Galway, but was defeated in 1865. He was, however, again returned as a Home Ruler in 1880, continuing to represent the borough until the dissolution in 1885. Mr. Lever was best known in London for his connection with the river Thames, as founder of the London Steamboat Company. Unfortunately for him, the loss of the Princess Alice in 1878 induced him to take a lease of the London Steamboat Company's property, and two years afterwards he was a poorer man by nearly $200,000, which he never retrieved.

A TOUCHING and poetical custom prevails in the Welsch-Tyrol. When a young maiden is about to be married, immediately before she steps across the threshold of her old home, on her way to the church, her mother solemnly gives her a new pocket handkerchief. The bride holds it in her hand throughout the marriage ceremony, using it to wipe away her tears. So soon as the marriage festivities are ended the young wife lays the handkerchief aside in her linen closet, and there it remains as long as she lives. Nothing would induce a Tyrolese wife to use this sacred handkerchief. It may be half a century, or longer, before it is taken from its place to fulfil the second and last part of its mission. When the wife dies, perhaps as a grey old grandmother, the loving hands of the next-of-kin place the bridal handkerchief over the face of the dead, and it is buried with her in the grave.—Ex.

TRIBUTE TO A YOUNG IRISH-AMERICAN ENGINEER.

The International American Conference which met in Washington early in 1890 recommended a survey of a route for an inter-continental line of railway to connect the system of North America with those of the Southern Continent, and to be conducted under the direction of commissioners representing the several American Republics. On May 12, 1890, Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, submitted to the President a plan for a preliminary survey for a railway line to connect the great commercial cities of the American hemispheres, to be made under the direction of a commissioner, and President Harrison, in a special message to congress, dated May 19, 1890, recommended that congress "make the very moderate appropriation for surveys suggested by the Conference, and authorize the appointment of commissioners and the detail of engineer officers to direct and conduct the necessary preliminary surveys." Subsequently Hon. A. J. Cassatt, Hon. H. G. Davis and Hon. R. C. Kerens were appointed by the President Commissioners to represent the United States on the Inter-continental Railway Commission.

In April, 1891, the surveying corps sailed from New York for Central and South America. The stupendous field-work was completed in twenty-seven months, and the first volume containing the reports and estimates, maps, diagrams, etc., has just been issued from the printer.

Col. William F. Shunk, the chief engineer, toward the close of his report to the commissioners, takes occasion to pay the following tribute to our young friend, the late William J. O'Connell, the topographical engineer of Corps No. 2. Mr. O'Connell, who was a young man of high promise and attainments, died at his home in Washington within a few months after the completion of his work. He was the son of our friend, J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department: "The field work," says Colonel Shunk, "was done by Mr. J. D. Garrison, of Texas, principal assistant (after the resignation of Mr. Burgess) and Mr. William J. O'Connell, of the District of Columbia, Topographical Assistant. Each competent to replace the other, each a master in his own specialty, alike faithful, skilful and energetic; but differenced in temperament, so that the steady, deliberate Texan and the bright, impulsive Irishman had their stimulatiug divergencies, which gave zest to society. They leaned asunder, like oxen plowing, yet bore the yoke more evenly and drew a straighter furrow, perhaps, because of those opposite inclinations. Not that discord is to be inferred, only such variance, rather, as is the prerequisite of concord. Always on the go, cold or hot, wet or dry, like Goethe's star, unhasting, unresting. One auspicious day in Veraguas they covered 18.25 miles, and in twenty-one working days, all conditions favorable, achieved 285 miles, being a daily average of 13.6 miles. To those exceedingly forward gentlemen the Commission is indebted for the best work of Corps No. 2."

TANNER says he was afraid of yellow fever at Nashville. He might as well be afraid of a sunstroke at the North Pole.

JACK TANNER was scared by "Yellow Jack."

THE English press resembles a turkey buzzard. The moment anything dangerous comes near it, it throws up everything in its craw. Hence the recent English editorial attacks on the United States. Bring along your disinfectants.

TENNESSEE must have a high opinion of the bravery of our governor and his intrepid "staff."

PERHAPS Tanner would have "fled into Egypt," only he happened to remember that "Yellow Jack" was calmly waiting for him at Cairo.

JOHN H. PARNELL, M. P., is reported by cable as being "out" for a "royal" residence in Ireland. If Mr. Parnell has committed himself so foolishly, his proper place of residence would be in a sanitarium for paretics.

TANNER needn't have been afraid. The display of Green on "Irish Day" frightened "Yellow Jack" out of Nashville.

COLONEL VANCLEAVE to Tanner's "staff"—

"Press where ye see the white plumes
wave upon my brawny back,
And be your battle-cry today, 'Make
way for 'Yellow Jack.'"

WHY do the Irish papers, in imitation of the bad taste of their English contemporaries, always refer to the United States in the plural number, as for example, "The United States have" or "The United States are?" Once for all, brethren, this country *are* a singular

number. We *is* a "has," not a "have." We *is* an "is," not an "are."

"PATRICKS" IN THE REVOLUTION.

By far the best thing "got off" by ex-Senator Patrick Walsh, of Georgia, in his "Irish Day" speech at Nashville, Tenn., was his glorification of the "Patricks," who distinguished themselves in the American Revolutionary war, in which he confessed himself aided mightily by Mr. Thomas Hamilton Murray, editor of the Pawtucket, R. I., Tribune, and Secretary-General of the American-Irish Historical Society. Senator Walsh remarked that only one Patrick was mentioned in the American school histories and that is Patrick Henry. But Mr. Murray, in his Rosary Magazine article of a few weeks ago, presented a list of about 250 Revolutionary "Patricks," and these were by no means all. The ascertained and verified list, mostly soldiers of the Continental army is given as follows:

Patrick Allison	Patrick Lemon
Patrick Allen	Patrick Leonard
Patrick Anally	Patrick Lilless
Patrick Aserman	Patrick Limerick
Patrick Baity	Patrick Lockey
Patrick Bennett	Patrick Lynch
Patrick Black	Patrick Lyons
Patrick Bolden	Patrick Lynn
Patrick Boyle	Patrick Mabie
Patrick Bradshaw	Patrick Magan
Patrick Brady	Patrick Mahoney
Patrick Brezland	Patrick Malone
Patrick Brown	Patrick Maroney
Patrick Buchanan	Patrick Marr
Patrick Burns	Patrick Martin
Patrick Burnett	Patrick Mullen
Patrick Burt	Patrick Mulvany
Patrick Butler	Patrick Murdaugh
Patrick Bryan	Patrick Murphy
Patrick Calhoun	Patrick Monow
Patrick Callaghan	Patrick Mooney
Patrick Campbell	Patrick Moore
Patrick Capron	Patrick Murray
Patrick Carr	Patrick McAnally
Patrick Carroll	Patrick McAnary
Patrick Caton	Patrick McAnarmy
Patrick Cavenagh	Patrick McCaffrey
Patrick Clark	Patrick McCann
Patrick Cogan	Patrick McCasline
Patrick Colbert	Patrick McCline
Patrick Coleman	Patrick McConnally
Patrick Collins	Patrick McCord
Patrick Conely	Patrick McCormick
Patrick Connell	Patrick McCue
Patrick Connelly	Patrick McCullen
Patrick Connor	Patrick McDermott
Patrick Conner	Patrick McDonald
Patrick Conway	Patrick McFall
Patrick Corbitt	Patrick McGalls
Patrick Corcoran	Patrick McGee
Patrick Coursey	Patrick McGlachlin
Patrick Crawford	Patrick McGonaghy
Patrick Cronan	Patrick McGonigle
Patrick Cronin	Patrick McGraff
Patrick Cronkite	Patrick McGraw
Patrick Cross	Patrick McGuan
PatrickCunningh'm	Patrick McGuire
Patrick Curren	Patrick McHolland
Patrick Darkin	Patrick McInnis
Patrick Daily	Patrick McIvory
Patrick Davis	Patrick McKeen
Patrick Deady	Patrick McKeehan
Patrick Deanell	Patrick McKinney
Patrick Dempsey	Patrick McKown
Patrick Dennis	Patrick McLane
Patrick Dirking	PatrickMcLaughlin
Patrick Diver	Patrick McManus
Patrick Dixon	Patrick Mitchell
Patrick Donnelly	Patrick McMurphy
Patrick Donohoe	Patrick McNamara
Patrick Doherty	Patrick McNulty
Patrick Downey	Patrick Neall
Patrick Doyle	Patrick Nevin
Patrick Duffy	Patrick Newgent
Patrick Dungan	Patrick Newlin
Patrick Dunlevy	Patrick Norton
Patrick Durgin	Patrick Nugent
Patrick Dunphy	Patrick O'Brian
Patrick Duyer	Patrick O'Brien
Patrick Fagge	Patrick O'Bryan
Patrick Farroll	Patrick O'Donaghy
Patrick Fennell	Patrick O'Fling
Patrick Finnagin	Patrick O'Foy
Patrick Fitzpatrick	Patrick O'Hara
Patrick Flemming	Patrick O'Lean
Patrick Flynn	Patrick Phelan
Patrick Fotterel	Patrick Preston
Patrick Fox	Patrick Scandalin
Patrick Foy	Patrick Quinn
Patrick Fullerton	Patrick Raden
Patrick Gallagher	Patrick Reid
Patrick Gault	Patrick Reilly
Patrick Glenn	Patrick Richards
Patrick Gibbons	Patrick Riley
Patrick Graft	Patrick Roach
Patrick Graham	Patrick Roberts
Patrick Green	Patrick Rock
Patrick Griffin	Patrick Roddy
Patrick Hackett	Patrick Rodgers
Patrick Hackmet	Patrick Rogers
Patrick Hagerty	Patrick Rooney
Patrick Hamilton	Patrick Rourk
Patrick Hand	Patrick Roy
Patrick Hanlin	Patrick Ryan
Patrick Hanningt'n	Patrick Scullion
Patrick Harrington	Patrick Shannon
Patrick Harrison	Patrick Shea
Patrick Hart	Patrick Shehen
Patrick Hartney	Patrick Shockey
Patrick Henderson	Patrick Shockney
Patrick Hennig	Patrick Shoughn'sy
Patrick Heron	Patrick Silvers
Patrick Hogan	Patrick Simms
Patrick Hughes	Patrick Smith
Patrick Hynes	Patrick Snow
Patrick Johnson	Patrick Sullivan
Patrick Joyce	Patrick Tague
Patrick Kane	Patrick Thomas
Patrick Kelly	Patrick Thornton
Patrick Kennedy	Patrick Tobyne
Patrick Kenny	Patrick Tool
Patrick Killey	Patrick Tracey
Patrick Kinelty	Patrick Tracy
Patrick King	Patrick Wrenn
Patrick Kirby	Patrick Walden
Patrick Kirken	Patrick Walker
Patrick Laferty	Patrick Ward
Patrick Lamb	Patrick Weldon
Patrick Leader	Patrick Welsh
Patrick Leland	Patrick Wright

THE Bold Democracy of Cook County will go to "glory or the grave" at Nashville, headed by the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, and marshalled by the Hon. James Hercules Farrell, who will strangle the hydra-headed monster called "Yellow Jack," if he has to borrow Gov. Tanner's suspenders, lost in his flight to Deadwood, to do it with.

THE Irish-American Lyceum will hold its first meeting of the season at Unity hall, Monday evening, Oct. 28.

HYMENEAL.

M'GLYNN-FARRELL.

Miss Genevieve V. Farrell, a beautiful young society lady of St. Louis, Mo., who recently graduated from the Loretto Academy of that city with distinguished honors, was united in marriage on Wednesday morning, Sept. 29, to Mr. P. T. McGlynn, a representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives of the contracting parties at St. Teresa's church, Grand avenue, St. Louis. A number of prominent railway men of Chicago, Wheaton and St. Louis, friends of the groom, were present to witness the ceremony. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of "Lohengrin," rendered by a choir consisting of thirty of the finest vocalists of St. Louis. Nuptial high mass was celebrated by Monseigneur Walsh, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Connally, Hayes and Granville. During the progress of the mass Hayden's second mass was rendered by a selected choir, under the direction of Prof. Lucien Becker. Owens' "Ave Marie" was sung at the offertory by Miss McGuire, Miss Sabrin, Mr. McGuire and Mr. Prosser. The church, and the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Gorman, and Miss Lizzie Moran, relatives of the bride, were decorated for the occasion with palms, asparagus ferns and pink roses.

The wedding breakfast was served to some four hundred guests. Miss Elizabeth Farrell, a sister of the bride, Miss Maime Devoy and Miss May Collins acted as bridemaids; Mr. George Cullen, a representative of the Western Passenger Association of Chicago, was the best man; the ushers were Mr. Lee and Mr. McKeon, of St. Louis. Little Gertrude Gorman, a pretty miss of four summers, was the maid of honor, and her brother Master Francis Gorman, acted as page. The flower girl was Miss Marcella Moran, a relative of the bride. The bride was attired in a costume of duchesse satin, en train, with trimmings of orange blossoms. The bridemaids wore organdie over pink taffeta. The page was attired in pink satin trousers, white satin coat with cape of pink satin. The bride wore diamond ornaments, the gift of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. McGlynn left in the evening for a month's sojourn in Denver, Colo. They will visit Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Griffin, of Wheaton, on their return journey, and will be at home at No. 2718 Spring avenue, St. Louis, after Nov. 1.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York Oct 6.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown Oct. 5.

The Cunard Line.

The Etruria arrived at New York, Oct. 2, at 8 a. m.

The Umbria arrived at Queenstown, Oct. 2, at 5 a. m.

"It Is with pleasure that I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all suffering with liver complaint or that tired feeling. I have taken three bottles and have been greatly benefited."—J. L. Wilson, 4317 Evans avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

California Excursions.

Personally conducted. Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Burlington Route to Denver, thence via Denver & Rio Grande Railway (the scenic line of the world). Parties travel in Pullman tourist sleeping cars fitted with every convenience, which go through to California and are in charge of special agents of long experience. For particulars address T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Gen. Grant Would Permit No Celebration at Appomattox.

Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the October Century, describes the surrender at Appomattox. Gen. Porter says:

Before parting Lee asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front, and lives be uselessly lost. The request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. A little before four o'clock Gen. Lee shook hands with Gen. Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Col. Marshall left the room. One after another we followed, and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step, and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond, where his army lay—now an army of prisoners. He thrice smote the palm of his left hand slowly with his right fist in an absent sort of way, seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard, who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unaware of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and he at once mounted. Gen. Grant now stepped down from the porch, moving toward him, and saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully, and rode off at a slow trot to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

Gen. Grant and his staff then started for the headquarters camp, which, in the meantime, had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines, and the firing of salutes began at several points; but the general sent an order at once to have them stopped, using the words: "The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again; and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." This was in keeping with his order issued after the surrender of Vicksburg: "The paroled prisoners will be sent out of here tomorrow. . . Instruct the commanders to be orderly and quiet as these prisoners pass, and to make no offensive remarks."

WE PRAISE THY NAME.

BY HENRY ED. NOTHOMB.

We praise thy name O sovereign Lord,
Our hearts unite with one accord,
And kindled with celestial flame
Will ever praise Thy holy name.

We praise Thy name, O God of power,
Our hearts extol Thee hour by hour,
With Heavenly choirs our voices blend
In praise of Thee, eternal Friend.

We praise Thy name, O King of all,
As we thy mercies now recall;
The mountains quake, the valleys ring,
When Thou dost speak, O Lord and King.

We praise Thy name, O Lord of light,
The Heavens are with Thy glory bright,
And earth transfigured by its rays
Sends forth a gladsome song of praise.

We praise Thy name when morning's light
Arrays the earth with mantle bright;
We praise Thy name at close of day,
For Thou didst guide us on our way.

When joy shall rule or sorrow reign,
In hours of bliss or hours of pain,
While planets in their courses run
Our hearts shall pray, "Thy will be done."

And when from earth our souls have flown
To Thy eternal realms unknown,
In spirit choirs, through endless days,
Our hearts shall gladly sing Thy praise.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The Blues.

This is a synonym for that gloomy, harassed condition of the mind which has its origin in dyspepsia. All the ugly spirits that, under the name of "blues," "blue devils," "megrims" and "mulligrubs" torments the dyspeptic almost ceaselessly, vanish when attacked with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, moreover, annihilates biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, kidney complaints and nervousness.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Moladh an t-Sacraimint Naomhtha.

(Donnchadh Mór O Dálaigh ro chan, A.D. 1215.)

Nár lia aingil i bh-fiaithess faoi láimh an Righ,
Nár lia anmanna beannuighthe atá 'n a righeacht:
Nár lia chruthuigh an t-Athair ar chlár an t-saoighil,
Ná moladh gach teangan ar ainm an t-Sácraimint.

Nár lia braon i dtréanmhuir fairrge atá,
Nár lia éisg i mbéal na ngaisidhe ag snámh,
Nár lia féar 'san tsaoghal, no gainimh ar tráigh,
Ná moladh Coirp Naomhtha Aoin-mhic Athar na ngrás.

Nár lia bliadhain i slorriudheacht árd an Righ,
Nár lia subhailce diadha atá ag Criost,
Nár lia soillse tá i b-Párrthas árd an Righ,
Ná moladh do Dhia go fíor 'san t-Sácraimint.

Nár lia réalta glinneach i spéartha bhios,
Nár lia bréithre léighid a chléir do Chriost,
Nár lia easol-t-shruith thigeann 'san tréanmhuir sios,
Ná moladh gan traochadh ar Naomh-Chorp Beannuighthe Chriost.

Nár lia litir le feicsin i gclár an dlighe
Nár lia duille gach coille dá' ndéarna an Righ,
Nár lia binn-ghuith cluinfear go bráth 'na righeacht,
Ná moladh Mhic Muire do shior 'san t-Sácraimint.

(*Translation.*)

There have been several metrical translations made of the foregoing. The one here given, by the late D. F. McCarthy, is, in our opinion, the best:

Not more numerous are the angels in the King's own heavenly land,
Not more numerous are the saints that around His footstool stand,
Not more numerous are the creatures that have come from God's right hand,
Than the praises each tongue raises for the Sacrament divine.

Not more numerous are the drops in the mighty tidal sea,
Not more numerous are the fishes in its bosom floating free,
Not more numerous are the grasses or the sands upon the lea,
Than the praises each tongue raises for the Sacrament divine.

Not more numerous are the cycles of the King's perpetual years,
Not more numerous are the raptures that Christ's love reserves for tears,
Not more numerous are the splendors of the Paradisal spheres
Than the praises each tongue raises for the Sacrament divine.

Not more numerous are the stars that irradiate the night,
Not more numerous are the lauds that his priests to Christ recite,
Not more numerous are the streams in the great sea that unite,
Than the praises each tongue raises for the Sacrament divine.

Not more numerous are the letters that the Book of Life doth show,
Not more numerous are the leaves that in God's green forests blow,
Not more numerous are the joys heaven's elect shall ever know,
Than the praises each tongue raises for the Sacrament divine.

Nár lia, strictly means "may there be not more"; the form for "not more numerous" or "not more" is "ní lia."

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Rallegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

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ESTATE OF ROSE CONLON, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Rose Conlon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1897, being the 15th day thereof. Dated Chicago, September 29, 1897.

JOSEPH D. CONLON, Administrator.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

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STEAM COAL A SPECIALTY.

THE CHILI QUEENS.

THEIR THRONES WERE IN SAN ANTONIO'S HISTORIC ALAMO.

Their Reign Is Ended, but They Ruled Royally For a Long Time—They Were Especially Gracious to the Tourist From the North and Made It Pay.

When the northern tourist used to strike the town, the first things the patriotic citizen who was doing the honors would proudly steer him up against would be the Alamo plaza chili stand, with its attendant divinity, the far famed chili queen.

"Now, sir, you've seen the historic Alamo, the old cathedral and the missions and got a whiff of our ozone," the citizen would remark with righteous pride, "and tonight you must come and eat a Mexican supper and see the chili queens. The chili queens are one of our most noted attractions—the beautiful, dark eyed senoritas, you know."

The tourist generally knew. This was in the late eighties, the palmy days of the chili queens, when their fame had spread to the larger northern cities. Some very musical verse about them had appeared in the magazines, and in the newspaper sketches they were idealized as stunning creatures, with the rich, brown skins of the tropics and the languorous grace and bewitching black eyes of Spanish donnas.

When the citizen and the tourist stroll up to the gay looking chili stand with its big red, green and yellow lanterns and its scintillating pyramids of cheap but gorgeous glassware, she promptly shuts up the sporty young man who is bandying slang with her or quits haggling with the chili gorged bootblack over change.

She hastily rearranges the flowers in her hair and the big bouquet at her bosom and beams on the new arrivals with sparkling eyes.

The citizen addresses her with an easy familiarity.

"Hello, Chiquita! How's tricks?"

"Hello, senor. Tricks are bueno. How is my amigo, the senor?"

They all used the Spanish dialect when they had special customers, despite the fact that other tongues came easier to some of them by nature. There were six reigning queens on the plaza in 1888, and one of them was of German descent and another was born in the island where the sod is highly green and there are no snakes. The other four, however, were senoritas of the genuine Mexican variety.

Chiquita's eyes sparkle with their most brilliant luster, and, with a quick succession of flashing smiles, she uses her red lips and white teeth to good advantage on the tourist while she engages in badinage with the citizen.

"You're looking prettier than ever tonight, Chiquita. I'm glad of it, because we want to make a good impression on my friend here. He's from away up north, you know, and he's heard of you before."

Then Chiquita uses her tinkling laugh and slaps the citizen gently on the cheek.

"So sorry, but I have not a single nickel to give you. But take this flower instead."

She transfers a big rose from her corsage to the citizen's buttonhole. The tourist is beginning to want his share of the fun.

"Yes, I heard of you up there, and that's one reason I came down here—to see you, you know."

"Oh, my! You must have a flower too."

Her hands linger lightly on his coat as she carefully pins a spray of honeysuckle on, and the tourist begins to believe that he must have come down here for this. He is enjoying himself very much.

"Well, let's begin on our chili peppers," suggests the citizen. "You say you never ate one before? We had better take a little of everything, then, so you can say you 'did' San Antonio right. Bring us the whole bill of fare, Chiquita."

The queen turns sharply to the slimy looking old Mexican who has charge of the steaming pots and kettles in the rear and rattles off this with a celerity which seems to astonish the tourist:

"Jesus, andarle! Dos platas de chili con carne, y dos tamales con chili gravy, de enchilades tortillas, y dos tazas de cafe."

The fiercely burning chili con carne agonizes the tourist and he chokes on the enchilades, but he manages to struggle through the tamales by drinking a great deal of water. Meanwhile, the chili queen sits opposite him in a languishing attitude and keeps up her tinkling laugh. When it comes time to go, he insists on paying the bill, despite the protests of the citizen, and tenders a $5 bill. Chiquita seems to have trouble in counting out the change and a thought strikes the tourist.

"Say, Chiquita," he says tentatively, "you needn't mind that if"—

"You mean you want to make me a present?"

As that is what he means, she tucks the bill in her bosom, and gives the tourist a fond look. She takes another rose from her hair and pins it on his coat and squeezes his hand in bidding him goodby.

Then, when her customers are gone, she goes and sits down in front of one of the steaming kettles, with a lap full of tortillas, which she uses to scoop up large mouthfuls of chili.

Chiquita was a fair type of all the chili queens. They were not the idyllic creatures of popular conception that they appeared to be when on dress parade, but most of them were really comely and they had the charm at least of novelty.

The glory of the chili queens waned and flickered away with great suddenness, and they themselves drifted away from the high tide of fame and fortune in a like manner.—San Antonio Express.

THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Something About This Strange and Useful Asiatic Plant.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the south Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of 40 or 50 feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is a sorosis, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick, yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the south sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for food before it has matured, and the natives gather it while the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat bread, and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way, the bread will keep for weeks.

The breadfruit is in season eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mahei." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves and baked, just as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with cocoanut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.—Philadelphia Times.

A SLAVE TO DUTY.

An Elephant That Would Not Neglect a Baby It Was Caring For.

Marie A. Millie, in St. Nicholas, tells a number of "Stories of Elephants." Mrs. Millie says:

Some time before the elephant hunt I have described my husband was at a station in Bengal. His work kept him out nearly all day, and, being ill, I used to lie for hours in a long garden chair on the veranda, too weak to read or enjoy any more exciting amusement than my eyes supplied to me.

We had three elephants for our tents and baggage, and one dear creature used to feed from my hands every day and seemed as gentle as any pet dog or cat.

One of our government chaprasis was particularly devoted to her and invariably shared his meal of fruit or flour cakes with his dumb friend. On a particularly hot day the chaprasi, to my surprise, placed his tiny child of 6 months at the elephant's feet, warning her expressively that the infant was in her charge and was to be cared for till his return. I myself was an eyewitness of her wonderful sagacity. Large banana trees and fig trees grew around, and, to my surprise, the elephant broke off one of the former's spreading leaves, held it like a fan in her trunk and from time to time gracefully waved it over the slumbering child, whether to temper the heat of the atmosphere or to keep off flies, I am unable to say. The gentle way in which she moved her feet over the child and across to each side astounded me. I sent for a white loaf and some oranges, and, calling her by name (she was never chained), tried in vain to tempt her to my side on the low veranda. Nothing would induce her to leave her charge. The warm air and monotonous wave of the swinging fan overpowered me with drowsiness, to which I yielded, and, after a sleep of some duration, I was awakened by quiet, subdued snorts beside me. To my surprise I found that the chaprasi had just returned to his offspring, and the elephant stood near the veranda beside me, patiently waiting and gently asking for the tempting dainties so bravely withstood for over two hours.

Made Him Propose.

The diffident young man wanted to propose to his girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject and sought information from men who had experience, and while the theories were admirable in every instance he found that the practice thereof was a different thing. He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things, when her shoe became untied.

She stuck out her pretty little foot, with a smile, and looked down at it. He fell on his knees to tie the lace. Then he walked on with her. The shoe became untied again. The third time it happened he was ready as before.

"See if you can't tie a knot that won't come undone," she said, as he worked away at it.

He looked up at her tenderly.

"If I can't, I know a man who can," he said.

"Do you want him to tie it?" she asked coquettishly.

"Yes," he replied.

She jerked her foot away. He smiled to himself.

"It's the parson," he said. And he rose to his feet and finished the proposal.—Strand Magazine.

The Other Side.

He—It seems to me that a bashful lover is about the most pitiful object in the world.

She—How about the girl?—Chicago Journal.

BANTAM IN THE ARMY

ONLY ROOSTER IN GEORGIA THAT HAS A TOMBSTONE OVER HIS GRAVE.

Enlisting at Culpeper, Va., He Served Under Major Williams In Many Battles. A Sentinel In a Tree—How He Betrayed Jim Nessmith.

"While we were camped near Culpeper Court House in the fall of 1862," said Major Tom Williams, "I became acquainted with a family named Dowdy. Just before the battle of Culpeper I paid a visit to the farm and found the ladies in a panic, preparing to flee. They set before me such scant fare as they had left, and after I had eaten a hasty luncheon Miss Mary Dowdy called to me and led the way to the back yard.

"'There is the last of our stock of poultry,' said she, pointing to a little bantam cock that was strutting about the yard. 'I haven't the heart to kill him because he is a pet. If you want him, you can take him and do as you like with him.'

"During the campaign of 1863 he often sat on my shoulder through the long, weary marches and hurried retreats, and I shared my rations with him. One night we had reached the flank of the enemy's camp by a forced march and lay down to sleep on our arms, expecting to be roused at the break of day for a sudden charge. I had started off with General perched upon my musket barrel, and a sudden change in the order of march had separated us from the wagons, so I placed the rooster on the limb of a sapling above my head, while I lay down to snatch a few minutes' sleep.

"General did not utter a single cluck in protest, although he must have been very hungry from long fasting, but quietly squatted on the branch while I flung myself on the grass and leaves and was soon fast asleep. I was so weary that I slept profoundly until I was suddenly aroused by an unearthly screech in my ear. Raising my head, I took in the whole situation at a glance.

"General had dropped down from his perch and uttered a shrill crow right in my ear which had awakened me, and as I opened my eyes I saw the flash of guns as our pickets fired and in an instant fell back upon us where we lay. The Yankees had turned the tables on us, and, discovering our presence, the surprising force became the surprised, and in ten minutes there was an unearthly racket going on in that pine thicket.

"Right and left of my position the boys came out of cover and advanced with yells and cheers, moving cautiously and firing as they moved. It had become sufficiently light for me to find my few belongings, and I soon recovered my hat and haversack, which I had forgotten to pick up in the hurry of the first surprise, and just at that time I was saluted with a loud crow just above my head, and looking up I saw General perched upon his limb, he having flown back there when the firing began, and with his head held on one side he was sidling along the swaying branch, crowing and clucking.

"In spite of the banging of the guns and whistling of bullets General stuck bravely to his perch and never fluttered during the entire engagement. When I told the story in camp that night, General was the toast of the evening, and he was treated to all sorts of tidbits in recognition of his gallantry on the field of action.

"One morning, however, General played the camp detective in a most alarming manner, which came near proving disastrous to a fellow soldier of another mess. All foraging had been strictly forbidden, and no man was allowed to leave the ranks under the heaviest penalty of military discipline. There was a fellow by the name of Jim Nessmith, who occupied a tent not far from that of the captain of our company. About 4 o'clock the order was passed along the lines for us to prepare to march.

"General was perched on the limb of a bush near me while I sat munching my hard tack, and all of a sudden he raised himself on his perch and crowed lustily. Of course no cock in hearing could resist replying to such a challenge, and from within the tent occupied by Jim Nessmith came the muffled crow of an old rooster. Jim made a grab at the bag and succeeded in choking him off, but the noise had reached the ears of some of the others, and the captain became apprised of the fact that Jim had been foraging. A hasty examination of his tent disclosed the body of the big rooster, choked to death by Jim in his anxiety to put a stop to his untimely crowing.

"Jim was ordered under arrest pending an investigation, but just about that time the order came to advance, and we moved forward, and by sunrise we were fighting, and the unfortunate officer who had ordered Jim to be placed under arrest was borne from the field a corpse after the fight was over. The affair was forgotten amid the stirring scenes that followed.

"Seeing that the end was near, I found an opportunity to send General to the rear, and placing him in a cage started him on the long journey to the home of a nephew in Georgia. He had not been long on the farm before he began to pine and droop, and the family thought that he was disconsolate on account of being separated from his comrades. This might have been all fancy, but he lived only a short time, and when he died my nephew and the boys of the neighborhood gave him a regular military funeral.

"I suppose that his is the only grave of a rooster in Georgia. The tiny stones that mark his last resting place can be seen on the old homestead near Dalton today. On the headstone is rudely carved the name 'General,' with the date of his death and the names of some of the most important engagements through which he passed during our comradeship among the battlefields of Virginia."—Atlanta Cor. New York Sun.

LET "WIFEY" SHOP FOR YOU

She Always Has a Sharper Nose For Real Bargains.

The sign which caught Mrs. Dawson's eye read: "Suits $20. Positively the Last Week. Regular Price $30."

Mrs. Dawson had the womanly love for a bargain. She had often spent 10 cents' car fare to secure some lovely treasure that was marked down from $1 to 98 cents just for that day. She was more than provoked that Dawson, who was with her, did not grow enthusiastic.

"You know you need a suit," said Mrs. Dawson. "Why not order it now and save $10."

Dawson was certain the suits would be as cheap next week, but his wife refused to move on and dragged the helpless man into the store. The polite clerk assured them that it was the bargain of the century and that this week was positively the last.

With mental protests, but with outward calm, Dawson, like clay in the hands of the potter, allowed himself to be measured. Then he left a deposit. He called in four days and took the suit away.

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, in triumph, when her husband appeared arrayed in his new suit, "you never had a better fit nor a more becoming pattern. Just think how much money your wife saved for you by being on the lookout for a bargain!"

Mr. Dawson preserved a dignified silence and waited patiently for his better half to get her hat on straight preparatory to accompanying him to the city.

Mrs. Dawson awaited with impatience the passing of the store where she had saved money for her husband. She wanted to call his attention to the fact again that he might remain properly thankful.

With all the faith of a woman Mrs. Dawson was convinced that the salesman was telling the truth when he assured her it was the last week of the $20 sale.

She looked for the window, and her faith was rewarded. It had been the last week. The sign now read, "Any Suit In This Window $15."—Chicago Record.

OLD BARBERS ARE SCARCE.

After Reaching 40 They Usually Retire or Enter Another Occupation.

"Did you ever notice," said a veteran tonsorial artist, who had shaved New Haveners since 1873, to a New Haven Register man, "that you only see a few old barbers?"

"Why is it?"

"There are a good many reasons," answered the veteran knight of the blade. "I suppose the chief one is that a barber's hand becomes unsteady after he gets to be about 40 years old and he has to give up. A good many barbers drink hard, and that makes their nerves and hands unfit for service, and they retire before they cut their customers throats. Still, I will say that in all my experience of 37 years I never saw a man badly cut by a barber, not even by an accident for which the barber was not responsible."

"What becomes of the barbers after they retire?"

"Oh, some of them go to the poorhouse," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "and some of them, who have saved their wages, buy little places and live on them, perhaps running a farm. Some of them, of course, go into other business, perhaps bookselling or else become insurance agents. I have heard of barbers who gave up the business and became butchers. This isn't such a wide difference from their former business (what are you laughing at?) as it might seem. No, I don't mean that they learn to carve people or even to skin them in the barber business, but they learn how to handle a blade skillfully and they make first class meat cutters."

Pipe Made of a Seal's Tusk.

A pipe made out of a seal's tusk was seen at the Weare office recently. The stem is nearly a foot long and is quaintly illustrated with representations of life under the arctic circle.

The artist was an Indian, and the little sketches in India ink show up very well against the ivory background.

There is a reindeer about to fall under the arrow of an archer. There is a sledge drawn by dogs. Fir trees, tepees, a fishing scene, where the captives are being brought to shore in a net, are all true to life.

Another ornament of the same character is a pair of walrus tusks, with delineations of other Alaskan scenes, with the fox and the white polar bear in evidence; also an Eskimo leveling a gun at the latter.

It is said that to add to the terrors of overland travel in the long winter months the larger wild animals are often driven by hunger to attack the trailsmen, and packs of ferocious wolves will besiege a camp for days, attacking the horses and reindeer as well as the dogs. More than one caravan has been done to death in this manner, as the whitened bones strewn along the tracks show.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Usually Needs a Breadwinner.

The young fellow who worries exceedingly in fear that he cannot find a wife, or rather a girl whom he wants to make his wife, who is a good cook, is usually the one who after the marriage fails to provide the wife in the case with anything to cook.—Scranton Republican.

A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said, "Nothing, excepting I lived with her 21 years and never did it before."

The temperature of the cucumber is a degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere. It is, therefore, apparent that the expression "cool as a cucumber" is scientifically correct.

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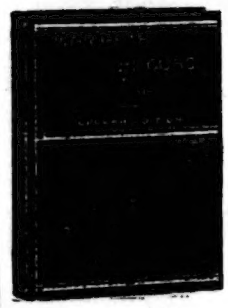

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RESOURCEFUL SMITH.

Here Is the Scheme by Which He Grew Rich Shoeing Horses.

"I lived at a little crossroads hamlet which was not even a postoffice, on the line between New York state and Pennsylvania," said a story teller to a Sioux City Journal reporter. "Of course, there was a blacksmith shop there. In those days the blacksmith's trade was a notoriously good one. All the blacksmiths got rich with their horse, mule and ox shoeing, and the wagon and the other repair work which they did. Most of the blacksmiths combined with their other work wagon repairing and even wagon making. There were very few big wagon factories in those days, and a good hand made wagon cost big money. When they were doing nothing else, they would make wagons, and when there was lots of transient work the wagons had to wait. This state line shop was a busy place. There was no tavern there, but the blacksmith also had a cider press, and he made the cider for all the farmers for miles around. But neither this nor the profits of his shop could account for the rapid way in which he accumulated wealth. As is well known, apple cider, if allowed to stand long enough, will become "hard," and after that it will turn into vinegar.

"This cider dealer always had plenty of hard cider on hand, but never had any vinegar for sale. The farmers and others who stopped at his place could always get a drink of hard cider, which they took out of a tin dipper at 10 cents a drink, and the size of the drink was something which attracted very little attention. Hardly any kind of beverage is more intoxicating than hard cider. It is a good deal like champagne in one respect. You can drink a great deal of it one day, and the next day you will be awfully sick and sorry, and a good deal drunker than when you went to bed. The blacksmith required no license to sell hard cider, and he worked the game to the limit. His place became very popular, and the farmers came from many miles around in both states to get their horses shod at his place. Many of them would come home drunk, and their wives began to protest. They always had to have some excuse for having visited the state line shop, and so the blacksmith, after supplying them with a few dipperfuls of hard cider, would take the shoes off their beasts and put on new ones, whether they needed it or not. For this service he would charge a good round price, while in many instances it was noticed he made no charge for the cider.

"But, as is the way of all flesh, this blacksmith died one day, and then his business secrets came out. He left an estate of over $60,000, and in the cellar of the cider press a great number of empty whisky barrels were found. For years he had been putting whisky into his cider and had been setting new shoes on nearly every horse which came along, willy nilly."—Washington Star.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

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DIAGNOSIS BY GESTURE.

Different Diseases Produce Characteristic Movements of the Limbs.

A medical paper in a recent issue has described the characteristic movements of the limbs made by persons suffering from different diseases. The gestures of the patient when asked to locate his pain not only indicate its seat, but describe its character. Thus, if the pain be in the chest and distributed over a large area the sufferer sweeps the palm of his hand over his chest with a circular motion, but should the pain be local he first draws his hand away from the body and then, with the index finger outstretched and the others curved cautiously, approaches the spot where the trouble is. In appendicitis he holds the palm of the hand over the diseased area without touching the skin. When suffering from violent noninflammatory pains, the patient slaps the abdomen. A child who complains of continuous pain in the stomach, when there is no tenderness on pressure is probably afflicted with disease of the spine. In hip joint disease the pain will be referred to at a point inside the knee. With violent diffused noninflammatory pain in the leg the patient grasps the limb affected. If it be a shooting pain, he will point at the place with one finger.

The pain of hepatic neuralgia or shingles is indicated with the thumb or forefinger. In joint pains the patient approaches the seat of trouble cautiously with the hand flat.

A curious case is quoted of a patient complaining of a severe headache. Being asking in what part of the head it was, he answered, "The top," and when further questioned as to the exact spot pressed his finger on the side above the cheek bone. This he did three times, though declaring that the seat of the pain was exactly on the top of the head. The cause of the trouble was found to be a bad tooth.

Richelieu as an Editor.

The first reporter of France was Louis XIII. The National library possesses the manuscripts of 36 articles written by that king. Almost all are accounts of his military operations. These articles were published in the Gazette de France. The "copy," however, did not go directly to the printer. Louis XIII wrote abominable French, and he had vague notions of orthography. His articles were corrected and often entirely rearranged by a secretary named Lucas, who copied them, sending to Richelieu the new manuscript. Richelieu examined it in his turn and often introduced additional corrections. At the siege of Corbie the king wrote a few lines eulogistic of the cardinal, but afterward crossed them out of his article. Richelieu wrote them in again, and so they appeared in the Gazette de France.—Revue de Paris.

Earnest Fights.

"You men are too cold blooded and mercenary," said a young woman with a mission, according to the Indianapolis Journal. "You cannot make an earnest fight for principle as women do."

"Ah," replied the man with a gift for epigram, "then I am to infer that it is principle that makes you scrap so earnestly at the bargain counter."

STORY OF A WAR SONG.

The Man Who Composed the Music for "We Are Coming, Father Abraham."

The man who composed the music for Whittier's song, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," is an old and somewhat decrepit piano tuner, who carries on his business near Windom, Minn. His name is A. B. Irving.

One day soon after Lincoln's call for 300,000 more men, Irving, then a young man, was on his way to Defiance, O., from Fort Wayne for the purpose of singing at a political and loyal meeting. He had considerable reputation as a composer and singer and the Republicans had asked him to come and help them. On the way he read the poem, which had just been published. Irving studied it, formulated a tune, hummed it and got the rhythm, and that evening at the Defiance meeting he sang the song for the first time. When he had finished, and the last echoes had died away, men mounted their chairs with wild enthusiasm, swung their hats and broke loose in cheers that rang with feeling. He sang it again and again, and they would scarcely let him rest.

The next night he sang the song at Fort Wayne, and again aroused the same enthusiasm. He wrote out the music and sent it to the publisher who had handled what he had composed, with instructions to publish it on his usual terms of royalty. It was published, and inside of a month more than 40,000 copies had been sold. In a few days the publisher failed and Irving never received a dollar for the music.—New York Sun.

CLOSED THE ROOM.

Does the Ghost of Washington Still Stalk Through the Old Mansion?

It was customary in the family of George Washington to shut up unused for two years a room in which death had occurred, says an exchange. So, after the death of the first president in the stately chamber with the great four poster bed which is still shown to visitors, Martha Washington, with her lonely heart, nightly climbed the attic stairs to lie in a low ceiled, sloping roofed room with one window—a room intolerably hot in summer, with little or no means of securing a draft except by a triangular opening where the lower corner of the door had been cut off to make room for the passage of the cat. Martha Washington died before the two year period had ended.

If she had occupied the death chamber, would she have seen the ghost of her dead husband? They say that the stalwart, stately figure of the brave general stalks through the passage with martial tread and clank of astral sword in spectral scabbard.

Again and again it has happened that people detained at Mount Vernon on the business of the Mount Vernon association have declared, on "waking from a sleepless night," that they had heard the ghost's sword and stride and seen its tall, commanding figure, dressed in the old uniform that in life it wore.

No lights are permitted in the old house, for fear of fire, except during the meeting of the regents, and then only candles. Ghosts are said to love dark or ill lighted houses.

Most Wonderful Cave In the World.

The most wonderful cave in the world is in the island of Tonga, in the south Pacific. Byron called it "a chapel of the seas." It is formed in a rock that is almost surrounded by the ocean. This rock is about 60 feet high and broad proportionately.

Many years ago a boy, the son of a native chief, was chasing a huge turtle, when his game seemed to sink into the rock. The lad watched and waited until the tide fell, disclosing a small opening in the rock about six feet under low water mark.

Diving boldly, the young hunter entered the aperture, and, to his surprise, came to the surface inside the rock. The rock was hollow, and its interior was found afterward, when the natives explored it with torches, to contain many beautiful stalactites.

When attacked and followed by enemies, the natives, who know the secret, leave their canoes, plunge into the water and disappear. Their foes linger, astonished at their disappearance, for no person not acquainted with it would suspect that the rock was hollow.—London Telegraph.

Costly Playing Cards.

A pack of cards was recently sold at a London stationer's for $600. It was one of the handsomest Italian copperplate card games called "tarocchi di Montegna," made during the fifteenth century. Another pack of cards recently sold at Paris for almost $400. Each of the cards in this pack is a master work of the engraver's art, and all the figures in the game were historical portraits. The queen of hearts, for instance, represented Queen Anne of England, the king of hearts being her husband, Prince George of Denmark. The queen of diamonds was Queen Anne Sophia of Denmark, the queen of clubs the the crown princess of Prussia, the wife of Frederick William I, and the queen of spades Princess Anna of Russia, later on the czarina. The jacks in this deck of cards represent the most prominent diplomats of Europe at the same time. —Philadelphia Record.

Meilhac's Advice.

Somebody once wrote to the late Henri Meilhac to ask his advice as to how to become a dramatic author. "It is a difficult career, and the trade is not easy," wrote back Meilhac. "Above all, it needs success. Yes, success is the thing if you want to have talent."

It is claimed in behalf of the Bermudas that the complexions of the natives are the finest in the world. This seems to be a clever advertisement of the Bermuda onion, of which 17,000,000 pounds are exported annu

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Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Coulin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

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Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 233 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
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Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 593 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
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Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3358 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 3610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 630 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Brees, 8 Fifty-fifth st
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
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Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secty, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
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George Andrew Leper, fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, said: "I consider the practice of dishorning cruel because it causes fearful pain and is absolutely unnecessary. I have heard the previous evidence and agree with it."

Professor William Pritchard of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, and for 20 years professor at the Royal Veterinary college, Camden Town, had heard the previous evidence and agreed that the operation tortures the animal and is unnecessary.

Professor Cox, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons and for some time its president, said, "In my opinion dishorning is extremely cruel and quite unnecessary."

Professor J. Macqueen, for ten years professor at the Glasgow College of Veterinary Surgeons and afterward at the Royal Veterinary college, Camden Town, said: "The operation is not necessary, and, if performed at all, should be done on the animal before it is 6 or 8 months old. That prevents the horns growing, and the operation is comparatively painless."—Our Animal Friends.

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